



# Hide and Seek



horror

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## Chapter 1 by Story Wars

She was coming, you knew it. Coming again, to play. Why did she have to choose you? It was so wrong, it felt so wrong. She was insane, she would hurt you. She just wants you to be like her.

"Ding dong, I know you can hear me."

She had arrived already. A surge of adrenaline shot through your system as you peeked out the window into the warm, summer air. This was so wrong, you felt like you were in a horror movie.

"Open up the door! I only want to play a little ..."

Her hair was white as snow, flapping like a ghost in the night. Each strand of hair was like someone had caught a beam of moonlight, and woven it into a string.

"Ding dong, you can't keep me waiting!"

Her eyes were a bright, golden brown. As if someone had sucked the color straight out of a s'more, and had painted her eyes with the same dye that they had concocted.

"It's already too late for you to try to run."

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Her voice was high, but not shrill. It was a soft, melodic sound that seemed to come from the breeze. She had seemed perfectly normal when you first met her, but now you knew what she did.

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"I see you through the window."

She suddenly turned to you, staring right back into your eyes. Somehow she had known that you were watching the entire time. It was uncanny the way that she knew.

It scared you out of your wits, and you slid the curtains back into place so she couldn't see you anymore. You had to hide, but where to hide? The other exits were blocked, and you were two stories up. Where to hide, where to hide?

"Ding dong here I come to find you!"

"I am coming in! No need for me to ask permission!"

You bolted into your room. Where to hide?

## Chapter 2 by Devon Talbott



Where the hell do you hide? Hurry. She's coming like a....You have to hurry.

\*

I went to our old home today. Well, I took an Uber there. To see Bill. I've been drinking more than usual since the divorce. And the loss we shared. I can't even get a buzz anymore.

I look in my compact mirror. I've just had my hair cut, bleached, and straighten. I was trying to go for a "Claire Underwood/House of Cards" look. I'd had...just a little cosmetic work done- not too much. I looked good again. I looked sexy for a woman turning 40. I did.

Christ, I was so nervous about seeing Bill. I thanked the driver and smoothed my white dress. It was important to me that I look nice.

I rang the doorbell. No answer. I noticed a rustle in the curtains from the window to my left. It was him. The motherfucker was hiding from me?

"Hello?! This is not something you can run away from, Bill"

I heard a quiet shuffle from inside. No response. I still had my old key.

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So that's where we are. Right now, I'm turning my key through the lock. I'm opening the door. I'm shouting his name.

Oh God.

I'm screaming. I can't stop screaming.

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